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RECOLLECTIONS.

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RECOLLECTIONS

FROM

1803 TO 1837.

WITH A CONCLUSION IN 1868.

BY THE

HON. AMELIA MURRAY.

23549

And now in musing mood I would recall
From ancient Father Time's ancestral hall
The thoughts and manners of a distant day
Long in its dark recesses hid away.

Anon.

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1868.

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PREFACE.

IT was known by several persons that the publication of this little book was intended, before Lady Brownlow's *Reminiscences* were published; and as the following pages take a very different line from those, I hope it is evident that the two 'Septuagenarians,' without consultation, or even mutual acquaintance, are in accordance, and not in collision.

A. M. M.

RECOLLECTIONS.

THE Dowager Duchess of Athole of about a hundred and fifty years since resided at Moor Park, in Surrey. This lady was my grandmother.

General and Mrs. Ludovick Grant were within visiting distance of the Duchess; their place was close to Farnborough (then called Windmill Hill). The Duchess's second son, Lord George, became attached to General Grant's second daughter, the pretty Annie Grant, afterwards my mother; and the young people were allowed by their respective parents to marry at the

early ages of eighteen and fifteen, on condition that the husband should matriculate at Oxford after his marriage—his mother engaging to take charge of his young wife during his absence at college.

Three sons were born to them one after another; the third (afterwards Bishop of Sodor and Man and Bishop of Rochester in succession) was only eighteen years younger than his mother.

In 1800 Lord George Murray was consecrated Bishop of St. David's; but hardly three years had elapsed when he died in London of influenza, having gone there for his parliamentary attendance. He left his widow in narrow circumstances, with ten children unprovided for, of whom the eldest only had completed his education: a lieutenant in the navy, he went the same year, in hopes of promotion, to the West Indies, and there fell a victim to yellow fever.

Mr. Pitt granted a pension of 300*l.* a

year to my mother, and to each of her daughters 70*l.*, as long as they continued unmarried. This was given in consideration that Lord George had saved the country much expenditure by his invention and organisation of the first attempt at telegraphic communication — a contrivance which was in use during a long period of war: it was carried on by means of a series of shuttles. I just remember seeing one of those telegraphs on the roof of the Admiralty; it sent messages through others on corresponding heights, and by this means notice was given to the different ports, which enabled the fleets to unite; and a great naval victory was gained in consequence. Now, by electricity, intelligence is despatched in a second; but the memory of the first method in use should not be forgotten. I rather believe a model of the old telegraph is still preserved at Somerset House.

I must here relate an anecdote very

characteristic of my grandmother, and of her time.

The Duchess's youngest son, Lord Charles, had married, at that period, a Miss Aynesley; and she being the heiress of Little Hoole Tower, in Northumberland, he assumed her name in addition to his own.

A great laxity then prevailed in London society respecting the observation of the Sabbath-day. The Duchess and her new daughter-in-law were invited to join a Sunday-evening party. Although, from principle, strict in their ideas about the Sabbath, they accepted the invitation, upon condition that there should be no card-playing on that night. The Duchess and the young bride fulfilled their engagement; but, upon entering the drawing-room, her indignation was roused by the sight of a card-table in full operation. Calling upon Lady Charles to follow her, she exclaimed, 'I will not stay another minute in this house!'

The carriage had been dismissed on their first entrance, so that it became necessary for them to leave on foot, and to walk to their own residence, which was not very distant; but the unwonted appearance on the pavement of two ladies, magnificently dressed in the very peculiar costume worn by the higher classes of that time, attracted a crowd around them, as might naturally have been expected, and they found themselves in an awkward predicament. Fortunately, this was observed by a gentleman of their acquaintance, who accidentally was passing in his carriage: he instantly drew up, handed the ladies in, and had them driven safely to the Duchess's house.

Houses and inhabitants now occupy that part of Hounslow Heath where the grim gallows once stood: in 1803 two highway robbers were hung there in chains, to scare away villains who were inclined to follow the same pursuit.

I remember my childish wonder and

curiosity at the sight; but, in the early years of this century, laws existed, and things were done, which in 1868 would arouse public feeling and indignation from one end of these united kingdoms to the other; and, to judge from a sermon of Bishop Horne's, preached late in the eighteenth century, it was then no uncommon thing to see scores of felons executed at Tyburn!

The year 1804, the second of our mother's widowhood, was passed at Shepperton on the Thames. There two of her elder sons (who had not then been to college) entered themselves as volunteers in the Spelthorne Legion, under the command of the Duke of Clarence. The eldest of the family, as already noticed, had gone to the West Indies for naval promotion, and died there.

I do not remember much about Shepperton, except that a great many gudgeons were caught in the Thames, and that it was opposite Oatlands, at which place the

Duchess of York had a cemetery for dogs, with little head-stones to mark where her particular favourites were interred.

In 1805 sea-air was advised for my mother; and as the King was not expected to visit Weymouth that summer, and lodgings were therefore reasonable, a house was taken for us on the Esplanade; but we had hardly settled there when the King changed his mind, and that change influenced the fortunes of my mother's numerous family; for the good King and Queen became deeply interested in their fate, and did everything possible to mitigate the sorrow of the widow and her orphans. She was taken for sea-trips in the Royal yacht; her children were noticed and invited to the Lodge; they were loaded with presents and treated with every kindness; and by degrees Lady George was induced to emerge from retirement. I have been seated on the old King's knee; and I remember he charged me always to wear a

pocket; for George III. was shocked by the scanty dresses then in fashion, which made it out of the question for ladies to wear pockets.

Where the Royal Terrace now stands, there was once a shrubbery belonging to the King's house. The Lodge was not dignified by the name of palace, and the accommodation it afforded to George III. and his family was very small. Houses for the attendants and servants were engaged far up in Gloucester Terrace; and I once saw royal cooks tossing pancakes in the yard next to our habitation.

But Weymouth was a gay place in those days:—two Royal yachts and three frigates in the bay; a picturesque camp of sharpshooters on the 'Look-out;' Hanoverian cavalry careering on the sands, and singing their fine musical choruses as they passed along the road; an infantry regiment, with its lively band; beautiful girls and charming children thronging the

Esplanade; the King, Queen, and Royal family walking about among their subjects; balls, plays, reviews,—such are the reminiscences which the Weymouth of 1806 calls up. It was, in truth, a children's paradise; for George III. and his Queen loved children. The King would command a play at the small theatre, engage the whole dress circle, and send round for all the young ones to fill it. His enjoyment was to witness the happiness and merriment around; and although such gaiety may appear unnatural and mischievous for children, yet from my own experience I do not think the dissipation was very detrimental. But then their attire was simple: little folks were not dressed according to the fashion of the present day, in silks and velvets; so perhaps there was less excitement and vanity. Then it was only the married women who were attired expensively; satins and velvets would have been considered too heavy and old-looking for

grown-up girls: but, oddly enough, though the drapery worn was certainly of the scantiest, it was not considered delicate or refined to uncover the forehead. Some young ladies who had been abroad were considered bold-looking because they wore their hair Madonna fashion. Ladies not in 'la première jeunesse' very generally wore wigs: the Princesses had their heads shaved, and wore wigs ready dressed and decorated for the evening, to save time in the toilet. Widows almost always shaved their heads; my mother's beautiful hair had been cut off for her deep mourning, and she never wore anything but a wig in after years.

One of the men-of-war which were kept at anchor in the bay, for the purpose of conveying the King during his sea excursions, was the 'Crescent,' commanded by Lord William Stewart. He was very good-natured to the younger among us, and often took us out. We all enjoyed a sail

in the 'Crescent' very much; and when our mother was at sea in the Royal yacht, Lord William would give us an invitation to go on board his ship, where I watched the sailors' dinner served out: great junks of beef dipped from the boiler, each man taking his chance of the portion which happened to be fished up, as his turn came. I do not know if the beef was fresh or salt, but I saw no potatoes or other vegetables with it.

It was the custom then for all visitors who desired to pay their respects, or to be noticed, to form a lane for the Royal family to walk through, on their way to embark in their barge. Many families came from a distance for this purpose, or for the sake of seeing the King. On one occasion the Queen had sent me a smart frock, and I was taken down to the pier to thank her. She said, 'I hope you liked it, my dear?' 'Oh yes, ma'am; it was the first of my own I ever had.' Surprise being

expressed, my mother explained that, being the youngest of several daughters, I succeeded to the frocks that my elder sisters had outgrown. 'Poor dear!' exclaimed Queen Charlotte; 'she shall have another frock.' Was not my heart won from that very hour? But it is with sorrow and regret I confess that all the little presents of those days I have lost or mislaid, not being then fully sensible of the value I should afterwards attach to them.

One morning, coming down early, I saw what I thought was a great big ship without any hull. This was the 'Abergavenny,' East Indiaman, which had sunk with all sails set, hardly three miles from the shore, and all on board perished. Had any of the crew taken refuge in the main-top, they might have been saved; but the bowsprit, which was crowded with human beings, gave a lurch into the sea as the ship settled down, and thus all were washed off—though the

timber appeared again above water when the 'Abergavenny' touched the ground. The ship had sprung a leak off St. Alban's Head; and, in spite of pumps, she went to the bottom just within reach of safety.

I think it was in 1808 that the King appointed my mother a Lady in waiting upon his two eldest unmarried daughters, the Princesses Augusta and Elizabeth. As children, when at Windsor, we used to be a great deal in her rooms, which looked on the South Terrace, upon the ground-floor. There was a small garden in front, and rails guarded a sunken area which gave light to offices below; but one afternoon my youngest brother, little more than five years old, squeezed himself through the railing, and fell upon the cistern below. At that moment a page came to call my mother to dinner: I let her go, and then, not being able to find out what had happened to the child, I sent his nurse to

look for him, while I ran wildly down the Castle Hill to find the surgeon, who lived not far off. He came instantly, and probed a wound on the child's head which had produced insensibility. The patient was laid on my mother's bed, and was not moved for weeks, during which time the Queen and Princesses paid him the most devoted attention. I have books now which were brought for his amusement, with his name written in them by Queen Charlotte's own hand. He was always subject to headaches in childhood, in consequence of this accident. He was afterwards made a page of honour by the King, and subsequently went into the Guards. He died of a fever in 1834.

At Windsor Castle in those days luncheon was not, as now, a general meal. Each lady had a chicken, a plate of fruit, and a bottle of 'King's cup'* brought to her

* King's cup was the peel of a lemon put to soak for some hours in cold water, and then sweetened with sugar. It was the King's own beverage.

room, every day the same. We young ones highly approved this custom; but when I call to mind the system of fees, and the perquisites obtained—customs which probably had grown up by degrees, or were, perhaps, the relics of ancient times—I feel that the abolition of them was a great boon.

On all the highest Saints' days a tinsel cross of divers colours was placed on the tables of the ladies, or sent to their residences, and a guinea was understood to be due in return. A bottle of wine every two days, and unnecessary wax candles, were, I remember, the perquisites of the ladies' maids. Candles were extinguished as soon as lit, to be carried off by servants; pages were seen marching out before the Royal family with a bottle of wine sticking out of each pocket; and the State page called regularly upon each person who attended the drawing-rooms, with his book, to receive the accustomed gratuity.

I have heard it asserted, that Queen

Charlotte was stern and severe in her enforcement of etiquette. But children are observant, and certainly I have no impression that such was the case. A page would come to my mother's room with a message to say that, if Lady George was at home, the Queen would come down for a little while. I have been permitted to sit upon a stool at her feet, while she would tell us anecdotes of her early years.

'The English people did not like me much, because I was not pretty; but the King was fond of driving a phaeton in those days, and once he overturned me in a turnip-field, and that fall broke my nose. I think I was not quite so ugly after dat.'

'Lady Henderland was one of my ladies. She was left to sit with me in the evening, when the King went to business at nine o'clock. I sat, and the good lady sat, and we both got very tired. At last Lady Henderland said, "Perhaps your Majesty is not aware that I must wait till

your Majesty dismisses me?" "Oh, good my lady!" I said; "why did you not tell me dat before?"'

The King went on one occasion into Kent, to review the volunteers at Lord Rouncey's. He was accompanied by the Quee n

'I was in a tent,' she said. 'There was a sentinel, but I suppose he was looking at something else; so an old Kentish woman, in a red cloak, made her way in; and she stood staring at me with her arms akimbo. At last she said, "Well, she is not so ugly as they told me she was!" "Well, my good woman," I replied, "I am very glad of dat."'

At this time (1808), Princess Amelia was still in good health. She was young and pretty; and she enjoyed coming down to play with our party of children. We peeled walnuts, and put them into a glass of strong salt and water, and she liked to pick them out. But soon afterwards she

became very ill. There was great anxiety about her. The physicians prescribed sea-bathing, and ordered her to Weymouth; and as neither the King nor Queen could go with their sick child, my mother was appointed to take charge of the Princess, who was to be accompanied by her beautiful sister Mary. The King and Queen, with their usual consideration, gave permission to Lady George that any of her family whom she chose to take should be of the party. I had been sent to school about that time; but I have been told many things which occurred at Weymouth during my absence.

I have heard my mother say she would not allow herself to be persuaded by the Princesses to attend them, in their walks into the town, unless they would wear the dress which marked their rank; for though it might be agreeable to them to cast off the trammels of royalty, they were too young and pretty to go about incognito.

The ladies in waiting then wore the Windsor uniform, which is at present confined to the gentlemen attendants. It was a blue cloth habit, not long as worn for riding, but the length of a gown, with buttons, having a star surrounded with the motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense,' and a scarlet collar.

The Princes frequently visited their sisters at my mother's; and enjoyed being received into what, for the time, was a family circle. My youngest brother was then a child. The Duke of Clarence came to spend a few days. It was too much the fashion then for gentlemen to use language which would not now be tolerated in any civilised society. My mother asked as a favour of the Duke that he would avoid making use of some expletives, which her little boy would certainly copy; and think himself justified, after such an example, in making use of. The Duke took this hint most amiably; and, before leaving

Weymouth, he said, 'Lady George, have I not been very careful? I am sure your boy has not learnt any naughty words from me.' 'I do feel very grateful, sir,' was her reply; 'but if your Royal Highness could refrain for a week, why not give up a bad habit altogether?'

I have understood that Queen Adelaide, after her marriage, induced King William to relinquish this practice; and that in the latter years of the Sailor Monarch's life he was never known to utter an oath.

I remember an anecdote which exemplifies how easily even a very young child will repeat objectionable language, though without full comprehension, and yet applying it with some degree of intelligence. A friend of mine was carrying his little boy, not three years old, across the drive in Hyde Park, when a reckless coachman very nearly ran over the boy's mother. His father, though little in the habit of swearing, in the agitation of the moment

exclaimed, 'D——d fellow!' The child made no remark, but two days afterwards, when an accidental visitor refused something he wanted, to the surprise of those present this (almost) baby exclaimed, 'D——d fellow!'

Fires, believed to be the work of incendiaries, were frequent about this time—Covent Garden, Drury Lane, part of St. James's Palace, a college and library at Oxford, were all burned. The Prince of Wales was believed to have received an anonymous letter, with the information that he would hear of many public buildings being on fire; and it was whispered that a train of gunpowder was happily discovered in time at the Opera House.

Captain Manby's experiments, which have been so valuable in saving lives from shipwrecks, were first tried in this year.

After my mother's return from Weymouth, we lived at Windsor, in a house in the Cloisters, till our subsequent removal

to the Parsonage of Burnham, near Maidenhead, upon my brother's taking the curacy of that place. All those within the precincts of the Castle were permitted to attend the early morning chapel. I recollect seeing the venerable King, standing in his pew, making his audible responses; but, though a good and obedient son of the Church in other matters, he would never join in the Athanasian Creed, always closing his book whenever it was read.

Speaking on religious topics, the Queen once said: 'My dears, you are very strict in England about Sunday employments—very good and right, where rest is concerned; but what is *work* to one may be *rest* to another. If I read all day, my poor eyes get tired. I do not like to go to sleep, so I lock my door (that nobody may be shocked), and take my knitting for a little while, and then I can read my good books again.'

In the early part of this century, much

more wine was drunk, as is too well known, than is the custom now: few gentlemen rose from table till each had drunk his bottle. It once happened that Lord Eldon and the Archbishop of Canterbury dined with the King. The former became rather communicative and merry over his port. At last he said, 'It is a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop* and your Majesty's Lord Chancellor both married their wives clandestinely! I had some excuse; for Bessie Surtees was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle; but Mrs. Sutton was always the same pumpkin-faced thing she is at present!'

The King was much amused, and told the story to the Princesses.

I suppose many now alive can remember the saving habits of the two distinguished brothers, Lord Eldon and Sir W. Scott; habits acquired in their earlier years, and retained late in life by them and their

* Dr. Manners Sutton.

respective wives. I remember an amusing story which was told me as an instance of this. At the conclusion of a week's visit, in a large house, Lady Scott came down to her hostess, with arms extended, carrying a huge number of towels. 'Madam, look here!' she said. 'I think it my duty to make you aware of the extravagance of your housemaids: day after day I have locked up useless towels that have been put into mine and Sir William's rooms; yet they were always replaced. Look at all this linen, ma'am!—towel upon towel, and during all this week *one* has served us both!'

The following letters, from the Queen to my mother, written when Lady George took charge of Princess Amelia, upon her being ordered to Weymouth, and during a subsequent period, may properly be inserted here,—although some of them anticipate, by a year or two, the dates of my personal recollections.

'My dearest Lady George,

'If words could sufficiently express the feelings of my heart, this paper would not be large enough to contain the gratitude I feel for your attention to my daughters. Believe me to speak the truth when I assure you that it is deeply engraven in my heart, never to be forgotten, and that I feel certain both yourself and your family will be rewarded for this so true an act of friendship towards us. As far as I can, I shall endeavour to show I am not ungrateful; but by that higher Power which guides the heart I trust you will be better rewarded than human power can reach, for the latter, you know, is always limited.

'I have no imaginary fears about dear Amelia, though her weak state of health, and sufferings whenever she travels, make me expect the worse; but when I think of the alteration for the better before she left us, I look forward to have at least as good,

if not better ews of her, when she has passed some quiet days. I rejoice to hear that Dr. Pope will not leave her until he sees some relief from pain, which he thinks was increased by fatigue.

'The storm the doctor encountered upon the road was the most awful I ever witnessed in England. I was awoke by the most violent clap of thunder, and my first thought was the poor doctor on the road, and the next, what Amelia would suffer, if you had it at your inn. Thank God! you name it not; and no mischief happened here.

'I inquired after your little* Emily. She went off very cheerfully from Windsor: how it was when she left home, I am yet to learn.

'I trust my dear Mary will soon recover from anxiety; her sweet temper must ensure her happiness at all times, and I do think her without guile.

* Sent to school.

'I must finish, as I am pressed for time. Pray give my love to all your young ladies, and to little Henry, and believe me unalterably, Your sincere friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.'

'September 14th.

'MY DEAREST LADY GEORGE,

'I have just seen Pope; he has made me more happy by assuring me he means to stay till he sees some improvement. I fear that the gain in dear Amelia's health does not keep pace with the swiftness of time. However, that is in the hands of God. We must submit.

'It is with infinite pleasure that I have just perused your letter. I hope soon to hear of your consent being asked in a certain quarter. May the proverb prove true which says, "chi va piano va sano; chi va sano va lontano." That all may end to your satisfaction and happiness, is the sincere wish of Your affectionate friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.'

Copy of a letter from Queen Charlotte to Lady George Murray, written during the dangerous illness of one of her children, September 2nd, 1809.

'My dear Lady George,

'Many thanks for your letter. I wish it could have brought me the account of my little Beau's recovery, as it would have given me so much pleasure to hear that, as I am sure it would have given you pleasure to write it.

'You are, thank God, in good hands, as both doctor and surgeon are men of talents; and I rejoiced to hear that the latter thought he saw some amendment last night in his patient; and when the violence of the fever is abated, you know children recover rapidly again.

'Many, my dear friend, have been your trials, and Providence has supported you most wonderfully. He will not now forsake you, but continue to grant you fortitude

under this new affliction. His is the first of all supports, and I am sure you deserve it, for I know you fly to Him who never fails to comfort the distressed. Could feeling and friendship alleviate your mind, I trust you will be persuaded that ere this it would have been conveyed to you by the family of the Castle, who do, one and all, share most truly in everything that concerns you; and it is in these moments of sorrow that I wish not to be what I am—to express in deeds what my pen must, unfortunately, but faintly express.

'God grant that you may send me a better account! Take care of yourself for the sake of your amiable family; and believe me to be, in prosperity and adversity, unalterably

'Your sincere friend,
(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.

'Frogmore, Little Paradise:
'2nd of September, '1809.'

'Frogmore: September 8th.

'I will not let the Duke of Cambridge go to Weymouth without a few lines to thank my dear Lady George for her kind letters. Though the accounts of Amelia's amendment are not all I could wish, yet do I think that passing an hour in the machine is a proof of some strength gained; and after the conversation I had with Pope on Wednesday last, I think it would be wrong in me to indulge any unnecessary fears. As far as affection and kindness can contribute towards her recovery, Mary and yourself do as much as possible. Every medical advice required will be afforded, and we must trust to Providence, who knows the best time for administering comfort and relief to those who suffer. Though there is so much delicacy of frame, yet are there some circumstances which give one great hopes that in time she will be better. I have sent off to town

for the inhaling machine, and hope it will come in time to be sent by the Duke of Cambridge.

'Dear Mary will give you a small, very small, token of my remembrance; it will at least show you are not forgotten by me.

'Your affectionate friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.'

'Windsor: October 29th, 1809.

'You will readily conceive, my dearest Lady George, how our feelings were tried the 25th;* but it was a glorious happy day in every sense, and even from London we hear of no excess. The police officers wrote word to Sir W. Parsons that on Thursday no man was brought in for bad behaviour the preceding day: this is so extraordinary that I cannot refrain from mentioning it.

'Your sincere and affectionate friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.'

* The day of the 'Jubilee celebration,' 25th Oct. 1809, the commencement of the fiftieth year of the reign of George III.

'Windsor: August 1812.

'My dearest Lady George,

'I avail myself of the departure of your son and daughter to return thanks for your kind letter, which I received some time ago, with the most pleasing account of the happiness of your two amiable married daughters.* I take, indeed, a sincere interest in your joy and satisfaction to be an eye-witness of such happy scenes, and wish most ardently that you may see an increase of blessings in your family. The world, my dear Lady G., speaks of there being a good prospect of dear Louisa's settling soon; and, though I neither know the person or his name, he is reported to be a very amiable and worthy man, extremely well in his affairs, and possessed of (what, in England, is of great consequence) the influence of seats in Parliament. Should the report change into

* See below, p. 48.

reality, I trust you will see her as happily settled in life as her two sisters.

'I have not had the pleasure of seeing any of your family since you left them, till the day before yesterday, when I met Miss Louisa in the passage going to Eliza, when I took her arm and conducted her there. She looked lovely, like a rose, and seemed in good health and spirits.

'I wish it was in my power to make this bit of a letter in some degree entertaining, but nothing passes here now one can call enlivening; but we are quiet—a blessing, and a great one it is, in our distressing situation, and for which I am truly thankful.

'The only thing worth mentioning, is our meeting the French Royal family at Oatlands, which went off to perfection; the weather favoured us during the whole day, and we parted satisfied with each other, and with everything else that passed there. And now, my dear Lady George,

what do you think of Lady E. Fordyce's marriage? It must be poetical love, for he always writes verses, and must have sung her merits often, which has ended to some purpose! However, one must be just to him. His attachment began when she was quite a girl, and it seems to have increased with his years; so there is constancy for you.

'I have received a most beautiful drawing for my work, from Mr. Selwyn. I enclose a little note for his better half, which you will be kind enough to forward to her when you can do so conveniently. And now, my dear Lady G., with kind compliments to the inhabitants of Melbury,* I will release you from this dull epistle, and beg you to believe me,

'Your sincere friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.'

* The house of the authoress's brother-in-law, Lord Ilchester. See below, p. 56.

'Windsor: April 1813.

'I will not let the day pass, my dearest Lady George, without congratulations upon the birth of Mrs. Selwyn's little girl. I rejoice that your anxiety upon that subject is over, and that mother and child are doing well. My sincere good wishes attend Mrs. Selwyn for a speedy recovery; and as for the young lady, I can wish nothing better than that she should be like her own dear mother, for then she must become a blessing in every sense.

'I made a visit to Burnham yesterday, where I met as happy a family as possible, or rather two families, for the Ilchesters were there, and though I did not dare say to your son, "I am sorry you better yourself by becoming Bishop of Sodor and Man," I could not resist saying, "I regret you are going to leave us." The Archbishop of Canterbury the other day spoke in the highest terms of your son, which I

mention, as I know it will give you pleasure. Your younger sons are well, and seem much taken with their little niece. I am to see them all to-morrow, for I fear the Ilchesters pine already to go back into the country. When you see the Dowager Lady Ilchester, say everything that is kind to her from

'Your sincere friend,

'CHARLOTTE.'

'Windsor: Jan. 1814.

'Receive, my dearest Lady George, though later than I intended, this my not less sincere congratulation upon Lady Ilchester being safe in her bed. Your presence and nursing will contribute much to a perfect recovery, as great care must be necessary to guard against cold this very severe season; and Lady Ilchester ought to feel happy for so good an excuse for lying in bed, which I protest I think the only place to keep warm in. I

had the pleasure to see the Bishop* and Lady Sarah one morning at Windsor; he brought me a beautiful plant of the arbutus, full of the finest fruit I ever saw. I feel sorry not to be able to go to them, as I had promised to do; but the water makes the roads in some places dangerous to pass, particularly in lanes.

'We have had good and satisfactory accounts from Hanover. The Duke† was received there with the most hearty joy and loyalty. The illuminations were, of course, not what you have witnessed in London, but the devices were appropriate to the event. Our allies go on very well and prosperously, but the poor inhabitants of the country are in a most deplorable state, as they are in want of everything—even the common necessaries of life can they hardly procure for themselves; but,

* Of Sodor and Man.

† Probably the Duke of Cambridge, who was subsequently (in 1816) appointed Governor-General of Hanover, after its recovery from the power of Napoleon.

as I am sure that Providence never forsakes the innocent, sufferers will, by degrees, find themselves relieved, and will see happier days. Though not in affluence, they may live contentedly, for real wants are not great: it is superfluity that makes people unreasonable.

'I beg my love to Lady Ilchester; say everything that is kind to her. My compliments to Lord Ilchester, and to the rest of your daughters.

'Ever your sincere friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.'

'MY DEAREST LADY GEORGE,

'I cannot let one day pass without returning you thanks for your kind letter, and for the sermon which accompanied it. I shall read it to-day, and promise myself to derive great pleasure from its perusal, as indeed every testimony of love and duty to our beloved King must interest me, and it is particularly grateful to my heart to

have him spoken of by a man whose character stands so high, and who cannot be suspected of speaking anything but truth from the pulpit.

'Ever, my dearest Lady George,

'Your sincere friend,

(Signed) 'CHARLOTTE.

'Windsor: November 26, 1815.'

Often have I heard Queen Charlotte accused of want of generosity, and of hoarding up money to send to Germany. I cannot understand how such stories could have originated, unless it were that some of her sons, who were very extravagant, having got all the money that could be procured from their mother, when disappointed of more, cried out against her stinginess.

My mother had quite a service of plate made from the gifts of the Queen, who used to say, 'Lady George will prefer plate, which she can divide among her

children, to presents of jewellery.' The Queen might be fond of diamonds, as many another woman is; but I have seen her as much gratified by an offering of handiwork as she could have been if it had been made of jewels.

When my mother was in waiting, and her children at Burnham, in the neighbourhood of Windsor, to give her pleasure, the Queen would order the carriage to drive that way. The only notice we had of these unexpected visits was the cry of 'Sharp!' Any simple luncheon the Parsonage could offer was accepted with condescension and kindness. I recollect that a young party were regaling themselves with bread and cheese in the drawing-room upon one of these occasions. A grand rout took place, in the midst of which one popped a cheese under the sofa: but unluckily the Queen was accompanied by her little dog, and it may be guessed that there was considerable alarm for fear he should drag the

cheese to light; however, the visit passed off without any such catastrophe. I suppose the cheese was big enough not to be disturbed.

Once Queen Charlotte came over to Burnham with the two eldest Princesses, Augusta and Elizabeth. While she was there, she allowed two little canary-birds, pets of mine, to be let out of their cage, and they instantly flew and nestled in her Majesty's lap. The Queen was a little startled; but my mother happily exclaimed, 'What a good augury! The flight of birds is always lucky.'

The King used to dine early, and he joined the Queen and Princesses after their dinner. Often my mother has told me early delicacies were sent from the table by her Majesty to some sick person, with the remark, '*They* were all in good health, and did not require things which might induce an invalid to take nourishment.'

I remember once walking by the side

of the Queen and my mother at Frogmore, when the former stopped, and, looking back at the house, she said, 'I should like a little conservatory there; but if I were to make one, I must take away the money from some who want things that signify more. I will not do that!'

To return to Princess Amelia. For some months she had seemed to derive benefit from sea-bathing and the air of Weymouth; but in the autumn of 1810 she relapsed, and her death took place in November, at the Lower Lodge, which was then a building very close to the Castle. After she was confined to her bed, she desired that I might be brought to see her. I remember that she was cheerful, and looked fair and pretty. The poor King never recovered the agitation caused by a farewell interview with that beloved child; and the year after her death, 1811, was a sad one indeed at Windsor. But I have reason to believe his state was not one

of suffering. To the last he seems to have been cheered by devotional feelings and a mind of conscious rectitude: he held conversations with those long gone before; and the music of Handel, which he played himself, afforded him gratification. But it is a melancholy reflection, that only so short a period had passed since the Jubilee of October the 25th had been celebrated by general rejoicings, when the venerable Monarch sank into the hopeless state in which he remained till the close of his long and eventful reign. His attached Queen, who never shrank from the painful duty of watching over her afflicted husband, visited his apartments every day. The King's blindness enabled her to sit there for some time without his being conscious of her presence; and therefore the medical attendants were satisfied that these visits caused no evil to their Royal patient. The Queen was his sole guardian; and no one can doubt that her trust was ful-

filled with the utmost tenderness and watchful care.

The present age is, in most respects, more enlightened and advanced than that which has gone by. George III. and his Queen had the foibles and infirmities of human nature, and the backward ideas of their time; but those who knew them well can witness that they served their Maker in sincerity and truth, and their country to the very best of those powers and talents with which they had been endowed. And it is a great mistake to suppose that George III. was devoid of ability: his mind had imbibed early prejudices, which were perhaps too obstinately adhered to; the very firmness and courage of his character would foster such mistakes. But there are anecdotes which demonstrate his readiness and quickness of repartee; though a certain degree of hesitation in his speech, and his habit of repeating words, did not always do justice to his ideas.

At a period when it was the long-established custom for the Bishops to wear wigs, one of the Episcopal Bench petitioned his Majesty for permission to go without this appendage; and he mentioned, as an argument in his favour, that Bishop Juxon wore no wig. 'Very true, my Lord,' said the King; 'but then the Bishops wore beards. Which you please, my Lord—which you please!'

It was about this time that gas was first introduced in England; a German, of the name of Winsor,* gave lectures about it in Pall Mall. My eldest brother and my uncle were so convinced of the importance of the discovery, that they exerted themselves to get a bill through Parliament, which gave permission for an experiment to be made; and my uncle established the

* Winsor made his first public experiments at the Lyceum, in the Strand, in 1803. He afterwards lighted with gas the walls of Carlton Palace Gardens on the King's birthday in 1807; and during 1809 and 1810 he lighted a portion of one side of Pall Mall. He died 1830.

first gas-works. Like all the pioneers in great works, he was ruined, and his country place, Farnborough Hill, came to the hammer. Since then, the old house has been taken down, and a modern mansion has been built by the present possessor of the property; and it is a curious circumstance that the new house is lit throughout by gas made upon the spot! The greatest chemists and philosophers may be mistaken. In 1809, Sir Humphry Davy gave it as his opinion that it would be as easy to bring down a bit of the moon to light London, as to succeed in doing so with gas!

There was about this period an extravagant 'furore' in the cause of the Princess of Wales. She was considered an ill-treated woman, and that was enough to arouse popular feeling. My brother was among the young men who helped to give her an ovation at the Opera.

A few days afterwards he went to a

breakfast at a place near Woolwich. There he saw the Princess, in a gorgeous dress, which was looped up to show her petticoat, covered with stars, with silver wings on her shoulders, sitting under a tree, with a pot of porter on her knee; and, as a finale to the gaiety, she had the doors opened of every room in the house, and, selecting a partner, she galloped through them, desiring all the guests to follow her example! It may be guessed whether the gentlemen were anxious to clap her at the Opera again.

I remained at school for a part of the year 1811. One of the things I remember there was the daughter of the Chancellor, Lord Eldon, telling me that she and her mother had one bonnet between them! At the time of a Court mourning, I saw the piece of red tape which the Lord Chancellor himself enclosed in a letter to his daughter, telling her to measure carefully the length of her petticoat, that there

might be no unnecessary waste in the quantity of bombazine to be sent!

In 1812 my two eldest sisters married. During this, or the preceding year, there was an intention of building a crescent of houses where Burlington House now stands. I do not know why that plan fell to the ground, but in 1814 the great fêtes in honour of the Sovereigns were given in those gardens, which were enclosed for the purpose; and now, in 1868, the site is likely to be applied to still better purposes.

All I recollect of 1813 is, that my mother resigned her situation about the Court, and that I came out at the Blandford races.

1814 was a year of great events, of wonderful excitement. I was at those brilliant fêtes, given in honour of the Sovereigns who then visited England. The whole garden of Burlington House was enclosed by tents and temporary rooms. I did not think the Emperor of Russia a handsome man; he looked red, and stiff, and square:

his son Nicholas, the future Emperor, was a magnificent young Prince.

Among the numerous followers of the Emperor of Russia, there were the 'Hetman' Platoff, and twelve of his Cossacks; and the influx of strangers into London was so enormous as to render it almost impossible that all should be properly cared for.

It must be borne in mind that, in 1814, there was far less capability of receiving distinguished foreigners than is in the power of London now; and there has been a general confession that even lately, in 1867, the difficulty could hardly be surmounted; in spite of the anxiety universally felt that British hospitality should not appear either churlish or illiberal.

As no fitting lodgment could be found for the distinguished Platoff, the Lord James Murray of that day offered his house in Cumberland Place. So the Hetman and his twelve Cossacks were there received,

and every attention afforded to them; but many of those rough soldiers preferred the hall and staircases to more refined shelter, and it may be imagined in what kind of state they left a pretty London abode.

The King of Prussia was noble-looking, melancholy, and gentlemanlike; the Prince of Orange, not particularly attractive; Prince Leopold of Coburg, a handsome young man, not then specially noticed; but very soon it was discovered that Princess Charlotte preferred him to her former lover. Small blame to the young Princess! but I have strong reason to believe that it was through a Russian intrigue that she had been thrown in the way of the handsomest Prince in Germany,—and that the Grand Duchess of Russia came here for the purpose of disgusting the Princess of England with her intended husband. It did not suit Russian views that England and Holland should be so closely connected.

The Grand Duchess Catherine of Olden-

burg came to this country, I verily believe, for the purpose of putting a spoke into that wheel. She took an hotel in Piccadilly, she earnestly sought the acquaintance of Miss Elphinstone, who was known to be on intimate terms with the Princess. She gave grand dinners, and took care to invite the Prince of Orange the night he was to waltz in public with the Princess, as her *fiancé*. The Grand Duchess plied him well with champagne, and a young man could hardly refuse the invitations of his hostess; he was made tipsy, and of course the Princess was disgusted. Then, in Miss Elphinstone's apartments, the charming Prince Leopold was presented. Was it to be wondered at that a girl of seventeen should prefer him to the former lover? The Prince of Orange was speedily dismissed; and in due time he married the Duchess of Oldenburg's sister.

This intrigue accounts for all that happened subsequently. Princess Charlotte

23549

consented to go to Cumberland Lodge, and afterwards to Weymouth, attended by the Dowager Countess of Ilchester and Mrs. Campbell,* for whom, from her childhood, she had had a great regard; upon this understanding, that if she should be in the same mind at the end of twelve months, she would have the Prince Regent's consent to her marriage with Prince Leopold.

Miss Knight's 'Memoirs' almost ignore Mrs. Campbell's name; and she would assure us that she herself was the favourite friend and attendant of the young Princess: but neither Miss Binney nor Miss Knight belonged to the court of Queen Charlotte, and I believe, as regards the latter, she only attended to read for about an hour in the day; the Queen, with her usual kindness, giving a handsome salary, because she thought it was needed.

When Princess Charlotte, upon her mar-

* Sub-governess to the Princess.

riage, had choice of her attendants, she selected Mrs. Campbell, not Miss Knight; and she always appeared attached to Lady Ilchester and Mrs. Campbell. She called one 'Mam,' the other 'Tam.' For at the time Mrs. Campbell was with her, in the days of childhood, being made to learn Latin, she would playfully decline Campbell, making *Cam*, *Tam*, and going on to *Tas*, *Tat*, *Tint*; and all these nicknames were occasionally made use of by Mrs. Campbell's friends.

A curious circumstance occurred in the Princess's childhood. Mrs. Campbell had been appointed sub-governess; she was fond of children, and very attractive to them; the little Princess delighted in going to her room. One day, on finding Mrs. Campbell busy writing, she enquired what it was about. 'I am making my will,' was the reply. 'Oh, then, I will make *my* will;' and begging a sheet of paper, the child sat down, using a trunk for her table,

and taking a pencil, in large hand she wrote as follows:—

I leave my parrot to So and So,
My doll to ——,
My monkey to ——,
And all my *non*-valuables to Mrs. Campbell.

She then ran away with the paper in her hand, and took it to Lady de Clifford and Dr. Nott.

Will it be credited that this bit of childish play was made the ground of a serious accusation? The sub-governess was accused before a Privy Council of an act of treason in allowing the 'Heiress Presumptive' to make a will, by which her own sole advantage was succeeding to the Princess's non-valuables. Upon this, Mrs. Campbell resigned her appointment, and it was not until the Prince Regent wished to form an *entourage* agreeable to his daughter, that Mrs. Campbell was sent for, with Lady Ilchester, to receive the Princess at Carlton House.

It was about this time (1815) that

Sellis, an Italian servant, concealed himself in the Duke of Cumberland's bedroom, and tried to assassinate him. The man rushed back to his own room and cut his throat, when he found he had not succeeded in killing his master. I know there have been a great many cruel insinuations upon these points: it is my belief they are wholly false. The man Sellis was always an ill-looking fellow; he might have his reasons for determining to wreak revenge upon the Duke, who, being the most unpopular member of the Royal family, was accused of many actions worse than those of which he was really guilty; but whatever his failings, the King of Hanover was neither a coward nor a hypocrite, and he was not the man to do bad deeds in the dark. His wife was a niece of his mother's; her character was not respected, but she was rather a favourite with George IV. When Prince Regent, he endeavoured to get his mother to pass

over her former misdeeds. Although his influence was great, the Queen told him she would receive the Duchess of Cumberland as a daughter, if he insisted upon it, but she would not do so unjust a thing as to receive the Duchess of Cumberland and not also receive the Princess of Wales. This settled the matter.

After a short sojourn at Cumberland Lodge in Windsor Park, the Princess Charlotte went to Weymouth, from whence I remember her coming to Melbury, the house of my brother-in-law, Lord Ilchester. On being presented with a bouquet, and observing that it contained some orange-flowers, she quickly took them out, and flinging them away, exclaimed, 'None of those, thank you.' This showed what her sentiments were; and it was her objection to the Prince of Orange *himself*, not any dislike of an occasional residence abroad, as Miss Knight suggests, that was the cause of that Prince's dismissal.

We had a family party at Abbotsbury Castle, within a drive from Weymouth; and the Princess often came over. One day she was sitting on the great bank of pebbles which extends from Portland to Bridport, when she saw some village children, attracted by the Royal liveries, climb to the top of the beach to get sight of the Princess. She watched them; and as some of the loose pebbles they displaced rolled down towards her, with her gayest manner she called out, 'Hallo there! Princess Charlotte is made of gingerbread; if you do that, you'll break her!'

In the spring of the following year I saw her at what was then Buckingham House, attired for her wedding; and in a few short months that brightest gem in the English crown was carried to the tomb. But does not the Judge of all things rule aright? Out of that dark abyss of grief and despair there came another light! After a period of waiting,

Queen Victoria's star arose, and Prince Albert's precious life was lent, to be to us a glorious example.

I have heard Queen Charlotte accused of neglecting her granddaughter, and I have reason to think that some people still believe she was wanting in attention and advice. This is most unjust.

The Queen did not consider Sir Richard Croft as a safe adviser; but as the Princess, like many other young people, was impatient of recommendations which she considered uncalled for, her grandmother found it useless to interfere; and, being then very ill herself, she followed the advice of her own physicians, and went to Bath.

I am positively of opinion that Princess Charlotte was starved to death! that the Heiress of England died from insufficient nourishment! A lady I knew found the Princess one day actually in tears over her luncheon of tea and bread and butter.

She had been accustomed to take a mutton-chop and a glass of port wine, and she said she felt quite weak for want of it—Sir Richard having forbidden any meat in the middle of the day.. But she required a generous diet, and having always been used to it, she felt the loss; yet the orders of her physician were strictly obeyed, and I think her life was the sacrifice. On the fatal termination of her illness, Sir Richard Croft rushed into a room where Mrs. Campbell was,—exclaimed, 'She is dead, and the child too!'—set off to London, and destroyed himself. The lodge-keeper's wife at the gate was confined at the same time, and recovered favourably.

But the circle of Eternity is wide. From that ocean our present existence may be but as a drop. Of its source we know but little; and as to its future, we know not now, but we shall know hereafter.

Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier visited England this year. They

both attracted great notice—the first as the great Wit, the last as the celebrated Beauty of Paris. Madame de Staël requested to be presented to the Duchesse d'Angoulême at Grattan's hotel, before she left England, after the restoration of the Bourbons. She was much inclined to get up a scene on the occasion; but the Duchesse, who had gone through too much agony and deep affliction to understand or sympathise with mere sentiment, quietly put the attempt aside, saying, 'Madame, ces larmes ne sont pas nécessaires.'

Madame de Staël visited most of the celebrated places in England; among the rest, Blenheim. The then Duke of Marlborough had a paralytic affection of his speech, and used tablets to make known his requirements. Madame de Staël requested to look at them, and exclaimed, 'Il y a toutes les nécessaires de la vie, mais pas un mot d'amour ni d'amitié.'

How truly French! As if an invalid would be likely to express affectionate feelings through mechanical tablets!

Many years later, I visited Madame Récamier at Paris. Chateaubriand was there, and sat opposite to her. I did not think these once celebrated people were examples of green and cheery old age.

In the year 1818 Queen Charlotte expired at Kew, leaving whatever was in her power to her four unmarried daughters. This consisted, principally, of her jewels; for there was so little money, that some of the personalty was sold to pay a few outstanding debts.

Christmas-trees are now common. In the early part of this century they were seldom seen, but Queen Charlotte always had one dressed up in the room of Madame Berkendorff, her German attendant; it was hung with presents for the children, who were invited to see it, and I well remember the pleasure it was to hunt for

one's own name, which was sure to be attached to one or more of the pretty gifts. I think it was Thackeray who laughed at the idea of the Queen sending her wedding-dress over to Germany, to the home of her early years: this shows the unkind manner in which any little action of that poor Queen was commented upon and criticised. Could anything be more natural and kind than this recollection of what would afford pleasure to others?

On April 23rd of the year 1819 the Duke and Duchess of Kent landed at Dover. No particular notice was taken of the circumstance. Shortly afterwards, my mother and I were commanded to drink tea at Kensington Palace, to be presented to the Duchess. There was no other company. In the following month the Princess Victoria was born.

It was believed that the Duke of Kent wished to name his child Elizabeth, that being a popular name with the English

people; but the Prince Regent, who was not kind to his brothers, gave notice that he should stand in person as one godfather, and that the Emperor of Russia was to be another. At the ceremony of baptism, when asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury to name the infant, the Prince Regent gave only the name of Alexandrina; the Duke requested one other name might be added—'Give her the mother's also, then; but,' he added, 'it cannot precede that of the Emperor.' The Queen, on her accession, commanded that she should be proclaimed as Victoria only.

At this period of my life the loss of a dearly beloved sister was a shock which prevented me, for years, from having any enjoyment from general society.

The following Journal has come to light, which describes this grievous event. It was written in 1819, by Lady Susan O'Brien, at the age of '77. Lady Susan was Lord Ilchester's aunt, his father's

eldest sister. She was highly appreciated, in her younger days, in political and literary circles. Born about the middle of the last century, she was the bosom friend and companion of the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox; and was associated with her as one of the bridesmaids to Queen Charlotte. An unsuitable marriage, disapproved of by her family, kept Lady Susan for some years in retirement; but, in her widowhood, much of her time was spent at Melbury. She writes as follows:—

'*Jan.* 8*th.*—Lady Ilchester taken ill; she, wishing for a daughter, a girl was born, but with the loss of the mother; and *such* a mother, such a wife, such a friend, such a woman, as she has scarce left behind! This happy home has, in a moment, become a house of desolation. Yesterday, with joy drinking little Stavordale's health, on his birthday, who could forebode such misery so near? Grief is universal, high and low, rich and poor. It is impossible to think of

it as, perhaps, one ought to do; for who can help thinking such a dispensation hard? It may spare her future misery, but much, very much, it inflicts upon her dear sorrowing husband, children, mother, friends, everybody!

'All the melancholy preparations being made, I went to look at the last repository of this dear friend to myself, and the delight and blessing of all who belonged to her, or with whom she was connected.

'The only two coffins I have ever looked at were those of the most amiable of men (her husband, Mr. O'Brien), and of this most excellent of women. I think I will never look at another; no situation or attachment I can ever now have will give me the desire.

'*Jan. 31st.*—The sad day of the funeral: that past, we must hope that tranquillity of mind may in some measure be restored to the mourners. Lord Ilchester, Lady

George, Miss Murray, and I attended. A dreadful effort for him; and to us all, very affecting. Our hearts bled for him; so suffering, bowed-down a plant, lately flourishing, so gay, so happy.

'*Feb. 2nd.*—The eldest little boy, four years old, went with me to my room. With much earnestness and serious curiosity, he asked, "Where is my mamma?" "She is gone away." "How did she get out of bed?" "She was taken out." "Did Davidge (the maid) take her out?" "I don't know." "Where is she gone to?" Hardly knowing what to say, I replied, "To Heaven." He said, "Then, if she is naughty, she will come back again; but mamma's never naughty, only little boys." Seeing her room empty, his mind had been at work to find out where she was. These questions brought tears into my eyes. He looked surprised, said no more, and soon began to play again.

'*3rd.*—Returned home; but what a

desolate home I shall find it! How much more must poor Harry feel his so?

'11*th*.—Dowager Lady Ilchester called, going to Abbotsbury; all our thoughts were on the same subject, his loss and our own; for we have suffered from one of the severest a family could have, in the death of a second Lady Ilchester (still more prematurely than that of Harry's mother), which I could live to lament. A death so early, so unexpected, as to add to the shock it would at any time have occasioned to all who loved her,—and all who knew her did love her. Her merits were so great in every way, her mind was liberal and candid, her countenance expressive of the gaiety and vivacity of her disposition. She was tall, she had a light mountaineer's kind of figure, with "l'air noble" beyond what I ever before saw; her judgment was guided by an excellent understanding; she could more readily pity than blame those who erred; but could well distinguish

where her friendship and confidence were deserved: her conversation was particularly agreeable. She knew all that it was desirable for a woman to know on most subjects, and on many her information was great. She possessed many accomplishments: natural history in all its branches, modern languages; she drew well; her country tastes were very decided. She was a tender, judicious mother; in short, she was the vivifying principle pervading everything and everybody around her; a link uniting two families. We can only hope that the true religious principles which guided her conduct may be an example to others, and that they may bestow resignation upon the mourning survivor of such an union.

'We may mourn and weep; but let us be satisfied that no event is cruel or unnatural; it is only that its consequences are as yet unknown.'

In the year 1820 George III. was taken

to his rest after his long pilgrimage. Under the circumstances, there could be no cause for regret when this event took place; but few could deny the many virtues he possessed. Ever guided by sincere religious principle, and endowed with great personal courage, he adhered unflinchingly to what he considered the path of duty; and any political errors, or domestic troubles, were owing perhaps as much to the backward ideas of his time as to the King's want of judgment. He was most anxious to train up his children in the way they should go; but severity was the fashion of his day, and, though naturally a tender and affectionate father, he placed his sons under tutors who imagined that the rod of Scripture could mean only bodily punishment. Princess Sophia told me once that she had seen her two eldest brothers, when they were boys of thirteen and fourteen, held by their arms to be flogged like dogs, with a long whip! Was it wonderful that

the results proved anything but satisfactory?

I have often spent an evening in private with the Princess Sophia at Kensington Palace: she was an example of unmurmuring patient endurance such as can be rarely met with.

I think her abilities were most superior. Blind and suffering, no complaint ever issued from her lips. She said she did not like to have a resident lady, for, not being able to see, she should always fancy the lady sitting opposite to her, looking wearied. Her literary acquirements were considerable: she had four readers who came to her every day—French, German, Italian, and English; and as each was employed only for an hour, she observed, 'the fatigue would not be too great for them;' and she was thus kept 'au courant du jour,' while she tore paper into small bits, to fill pillows, which she found were acceptable to invalids.

The last time I saw this amiable Princess, in addition to her blindness she was in some degree deaf, and could not move from her seat without being carried; yet still she was as patient and kind and uncomplaining as ever.

As usual with the gossiping world, many unkind and cruel things were said of the daughters of George III. As young Princesses, when marriages in their own rank of life were almost out of the question (the Continent being sealed up, as far as England was concerned, by the will of the first Napoleon), they were unceasingly thrown into attractive and agreeable society; and, of course, were exposed to the risk of forming attachments which could not (after the Marriage Act) be legalised. It is supposed that, had the poor Princess Amelia lived, she would have confessed to a private marriage with General Fitzroy, and she certainly left him all the property she could call her own.

Of course, topics of this nature furnished sufficient foundation for the stories of that class of scandal-mongers whose occupation and amusement it is to spread evil reports respecting the highest and purest of the land.

These observations recall to my mind one whose friendship was the chief blessing of my earlier years, and whose loss can never be replaced—Lady Noel Byron: she who was traduced and misunderstood; one of those pure spirits little valued by the world, though worshipped by those who knew her well. Some others besides myself, still on this side the grave, can bear witness to her excellence.

I think I may consider that I am justified now in printing some extracts from her letters, and some verses of her writing; for once she expressed herself to me thus: —

'Had I felt certain that words of mine would answer any purpose, I should at once say, Do as you like with them.'

And I feel sure that some of her words *will* answer a good purpose: she cannot speak for herself now—she never did speak for herself when she *could* have done so; but for the sake of truth, for the sake of some who, I think, would not intentionally be unjust, for the sake of the gratitude and the love I bore her, and for the sake of her blessed example, I cannot write of past years and write nothing about her. In one of her beautiful letters, she says:—

'I hope to leave this world without having said a word that could damage anybody, and so I must let people say what they will of me. Yet there is one thing that does sometimes surprise me: some of those I have been most kind to have construed it as unkindness; but persons of experience tell me this is no uncommon circumstance; still, any kind things one has done will always be pleasant to remember, and the kindness one has received will never be forgotten; so the inner peace,

more precious still than the outer, will not be disturbed.

'My term is not likely to measure yours, so you may possibly hear what is said of me when I can give no more offence.'

The following letter is very characteristic:—

'Havre: September 27.

'Did I say that I would write after my voyage? If I did, you will be alarmed by not hearing; so a few words. It was not a pleasurable voyage: first, an engine-man had his leg horribly torn and broken; next, a violent storm at night; and thirdly, an adverse wind, with a very heavy swell all the way; so that the voyage took twelve hours more than usual.

'We got in last night by the beautiful moonlight, and, with difficulty, found a lodging. Indifferent as it was, it was welcome in comparison with the creaking crib. I certainly am not so courageous at sea as I used to be. I believe the boiling

kettle disturbed my peace of mind; but I have had a little holiday, seeing that I have run away from all my friends.

'Well, I am glad that I came here,—though I did think myself a great fool, when I doubted whether we should not be kept out at sea longer, or shipwrecked.

'I must go to bed: very tired still. I had seven sick—indefatigably sick—ladies to attend to in my cabin! In these foreign boats there are no proper arrangements for attendance. My maid and I waited on them all, as we were the only sound ones; and Smart gave up for the last twelve hours. It was, indeed, a swell to try the strongest; and a courier who was on board has been in such a state of terror ever since, that he cannot be left alone.

'*Sept.* 8.—We were once in a critical situation; the Captain made a signal for a pilot, and waited some time; but as the wind was rising, and none came, he determined to risk bringing in the vessel him-

self. The entrance of the harbour is very narrow, and we were in danger of touching a rock. I had had the discretion to avoid knowing anything; but the boat was overladen. We had eighty German emigrants on board—wretched paupers, who slept on deck. I shall be at Paris about the 15th. I wish you could transport yourself to the Hôtel Meurice, where I shall be.

'I have introduced the young poet to Rogers, with whom I am to breakfast once more. How wonderfully clear his memory is, and how interesting his anecdotes! He told me two of his youth: that the first thing he remembered was his mother taking him out of bed to see an eclipse of the moon; he was then two years old! When he was twelve she had uttered words he had never forgot: "Be good—be good."

'I could not appear to aid F., but I can point out a way. I have an interest for him which would make it painful for me to think he was in a destitute state; he served

his master for good, and, alas! for evil, with a fidelity which might, with a better education, have proved a great virtue.

Yes, unremember'd love may work a blessing,
By seeds once sown;
Some angel voice at last the boon confessing
Before God's throne!'

How she loved her child! I never shall forget her sweet melodious voice, touching even to tears, especially when she repeated some lines of her own on Ada's guitar.

Oh no! 'tis not the stranger's hand,
How skill'd soe'er and free,
Could call from memory's fairy land
The dreams revived by thee!

It seems as if the breath of song,
The soul of poesy,
Were poured those magic chords along
All, all mysteriously!

Yes—more than music haunts the ear
Without the spells of art:
Is it a spirit mingles there,
And touches thus my heart?

1832.

'Ockham: November 3.

'For all donations, thanks. I hope to fulfil my part by sending the grey lock you ask for. I have an association of constancy with silver hair:

> Take, with this lock of silver grey,
> Love that can ne'er with time decay,
> Nor fade like youthful tints away.'

She was once reproached for not writing as much or as frequently as usual. She answered, 'A few pot-hooks and hangers less,—the same friendship always.'

ON TALFOURD'S DEATH.

Thine eye a Court more holy saw,
Thy voice was true to Christ's own law;
No longer now as Judge didst speak,
But Pleader for the wrong'd and weak;
Declaring guilty those who stood
Apart from human brotherhood,
Who 'let alone' each want and woe,
To giant crime ere long to grow.
Yes, 'twas the poet's soul that wrung
Unworldly music from thy tongue;
Thy last, last words to heaven arose,
And gave a glory to the close.

A. T. N. B.

March 15, 1854.

BY THE FORSAKEN.

'Forsaken'—oh! if thou hadst been
An outcast from mankind for aye,
The desolate, the desert scene,
Where thou wast driven in scorn away,
Had been my proudly chosen path,
Forgiven for being thus thy slave;
And I had borne thy sorrow's wrath,
And every wound thy spirit gave:
My only prayer, that more than all
In sufferance I might hold thee dear,
And never by a look recall
The thought of thanks I would not hear.
But ev'n that silence of my breast
Was searched, accused, revenged as crime,
Till shrank, all wasted and unblest,
The heart that would not chill by time:
But it must come—thine hour of tears,
When self-adoring pride shall bow,
And thou shalt own my 'blighted years'—
The fate that thou inflictest,—*Thou!*
Thy victim!—but from ruin still
Shall rise a wan and drooping peace,
With pardon for unmeasured ill,
And pity's tears—if love must cease. ANON.

In 1820 I was taken to see the coronation of George IV. We left Dorsetshire at three o'clock in the morning, and, with four horses, we succeeded in arriving in London by eleven o'clock at night. Now,

what a long railroad journey may be accomplished in half the time!

In 1830 I witnessed the coronation of King William and Queen Adelaide.

In 1838 I was in attendance at the coronation of Queen Victoria.

At the time of Her Majesty's accession (1837), Mrs. Jameson, the eloquent authoress, was going in a canoe up Lake Superior. She wrote to me thus:—

'We hailed a schooner with, "What news?" "William IV. dead, and Queen Victoria reigning in his stead!"

'We sat there silent, looking at one another, and at that moment the orb of day rose out of the lake, and poured its beams full in our dazzled eyes.

'Many thoughts came into my mind, some tears rose into my eyes, not certainly for that dead King, who, in ripe age and in all honour, was gathered to the tomb; but for that living Queen, so young and fair.

As many hopes hung on that noble head
As there hang blossoms on the boughs in May.

'And what will become of them, of her?

'The idea that even here, in this new world of woods and waters, amid these remote wilds, to her utterly unknown, her power reaches, and her sovereignty is acknowledged, filled me with compassionate awe. I say compassionate; for if she feel in its full extent the liabilities of her position, alas for her! and if she feel them not, oh! worse and worse.

'I tried to recall her childish figure and features. I thought over all I had ever heard concerning her. I fancied her not such a thing as they could make a mere pageant of; for that, there is too little without, too much within. And what will they make of her? for at eighteen she will hardly make anything of them, I mean of the men and women around her. It is of the woman I think more than of the

Queen; for, as part of the State machinery, she will do quite as well as another, better perhaps; so far, her youth and her sex are absolutely in her favour. If she be but simple-minded, and true-hearted, and straightforward, with a common portion of intellect; if a Royal education have not blunted in her the quick perceptions and pure, kind instincts of the woman; if she has only had fair play, and carries into business plain distinct notions of right and wrong, and the fine moral sense that is not to be confounded by diplomatic verbiage about *expediency*, she will do better for us than a whole cabinetful of cut and dried officials, with Talleyrand at the head of them.

'And what a fair heritage is this which has fallen upon her!—a land young like herself, a land of hopes; and fair, most fair. Does she know, does she care anything about it? while hearts are beating warm towards her, and voices bless her,

and hands are stretched out towards her, even from these wild lake shores.'

Letter from Hofwyl, near Berne :—

'June 29, 1838.

'We too have had our coronation fête. Yesterday the boys were invited to the Château garden, into which they marched, singing 'God Save the Queen.' The majority being English, various amusements were provided for them; after which we adjourned to the Grand Salon, which was brilliantly illuminated, and decorated with flowers. At the head of the room was hung a picture of a youthful female figure, supposed to represent Queen Victoria, surrounded by a garland of roses. Tables loaded with strawberry cakes and confitures were ranged both sides of the room. At ten o'clock, punch, negus, &c., were served round, when De Fellenberg gave the Queen's health, and eloquently represented to his English pupils their good

fortune in being subjects of a Sovereign the personification of all virtue.

> The royal flag is rais'd once more
> Into its wonted place,
> And gives the Tower it flutters o'er
> A glory and a grace.'

I do not recollect precisely the year when I first heard the clergyman Frederick Robertson, of Brighton,* but his manner and his matter made a vivid impression on my mind.

His sermons were rather fragmentary, but there was such a deep sincerity in his words, they came so warm from his heart, that he had a power of melting and affecting his hearers beyond any preacher I ever heard.

In one sermon he pointed out the extraordinary fact that there is a class of well-intentioned and anxious Christians who think themselves more devotional,

* It must have been considerably later than the last event alluded to. See *Life of Rev. F. W. Robertson.*

and better followers and disciples of Christ, for their habit of depreciating the 'Sermon on the Mount,' and who speak of the Saviour's own teaching as if it were mere morality, and not the true revelation: but it was evident to me, that while Robertson dwelt on deeds, not words, as proving Christian belief, he was a true spiritual Christian in thought and doctrine, as well as in word and deed; one who would have gone to the stake in his Master's service, and who, without seeking to be a martyr, would yet have gloried in martyrdom for the truth's sake.

His influence over the working-classes was unbounded. It was his custom to lecture to them, and to interest their minds and imaginations; he frequently repeated Longfellow's exquisite 'Psalm of Life.' A dying soldier at Balaklava had read and marked the lines. In his last agonies he murmured,

Footprints in the sands of time.

CONCLUSION.

1868.

IS not that vista impressive and instructive through which a rational being is permitted to contemplate more than sixty years of life?

Of those I remember in the year 1806, how few are still on this side the grave, to sympathise with me, as I look back upon that view, with the same touching and deep interest that it excites in one who has passed through it!

I see the numerous family of King George III. and Queen Charlotte: all have followed their parents to that 'bourne from which no traveller returns.'

I see the father of the present young Earl of Ilchester, a little posthumous child,

in his white frock and brown beaver hat, followed by a fat nurse, climbing up and down some huge blocks of Portland stone, which had been placed at the farther end of the Esplanade, in preparation for a pier that has now been in existence almost half a century; I see old Lady Bath, the widow of Sir William Pulteney (who, the gossips said, wore an additional petticoat over the others when a clean one was required, and wore all till the lowest one dropped off); I see Sir Harry Bernard Neale, the Admiral in command of the protecting squadron, and the two naval captains Lord William Fitzroy and Lord William Stewart, Admiral and Mrs. Digby, Lord and Lady Dartmouth, Lord and Lady Poulett, with a very large family, of which, I believe, only one member survives; Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Spencer, Mr. and the beautiful Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Lady Georgiana Buckley, Lord and Lady Charleville, Col. and Mrs. Graham, Mr. Greville and the

Countess of Mansfield, the celebrated Premier Mr. Pitt, and Lady Hester Stanhope; German officers belonging to the Hanoverian Legion; Baron Osten, Baron Henesbeck, &c. &c. &c., and hundreds more, whose very names have escaped my memory. All these, and many more, have gone to their long home,—and that they ever existed is, perhaps, remembered by few. This may seem a melancholy retrospection. Let us not contemplate it with a sad and melancholy spirit.

It is sometimes said that the feelings of old people become blunted and callous as time wears on with them. I do not believe this, nor do I admit it as a true explanation of that calm endurance with which the aged most frequently accept and bow resignedly to the most heartbreaking dispensations, feeling that, however trying, these dispensations are ordered by an all-wise and overruling Providence.

When once we not only admit, but

practically realise, that all afflictions are sent to discipline, and that all events (however incomprehensible to mortal eyes) are the precursors of ultimate good, resignation loses its difficulty, and grief becomes bearable. We mourn 'as if we mourned not,' and our sorrows are borne with an unmurmuring spirit.

Only a small portion of the circle of existence is visible here, and who can say whether that portion be long or short?

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